THE KALEIDOSCOPE;

OR,

Literary and Scientific Mirror.

"UTILE DULCI."

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Men and Manners.

LOVE IN THE GALLEYS.

[Original Translation from "L'Hermite en Provence," a continuation of "L'Hermite de la Guiane."]

At the moment I was leaving the galley, I stopped to look at a man, who, from the neatness of his dress I should have supposed, was merely a visitor, had not the iron ring on his ankle prevented any doubt on the subject. This young man was writing at a sort of desk, placed at one end of the vessel. I asked the officer who accompanied me, some questions about him. "That man," said he, "is the same to whom the rose-tree belongs which you remarked in his birth. I never met with, in any novel, a more extraordinary story than his; I am only partially acquainted with it; it is from his own lips alone that it can be known, and he has been here two years without having ever revealed it; all I have learned is, that this youth, condemned for forging some public document, held a high rank in society; that he filled an important public office; that he has, it is true, been punished for a culpable action, but it is said he was prompted by a feeling which might plead his pardon, if the laws could pardon. I also know that a young relation, who has excited some suspicions in my mind, has devoted himself to soothe the misfortunes of the young man with an heroic tenderness and a strength of mind which I did not think human affection capable of." What Mr. M. told me increased my wish to know more; he proposed the means: "This convict," said he, "employs himself as a copyist; a man of letters has generally some manuscript he wishes to have transcribed; address him; it is possible something may occur to lead him to speak of his misfortunes." I embraced the proposal, and approached the youth, asking him if he could transcribe for me about a hundred pages of an old *Provençale* chronicle, which I happened to have in my pocket, and how many days he would require to do it." "You shall have a copy, Sir, before the end of the week." "The price?" "Five sous the page." "Shall I come to fetch the copy?" "I will send it you, Sir, with your book." I placed a piece of gold on the desk; he begged me to take it back, saying mildly, and in a low voice, that he could not accept of payment for what he had not done, and with which I might not be satisfied when it was finished. I ventured to ask him some questions respecting his situation, but the tears which fell on his paper were his only answer. I then retired, almost ashamed of the interest I felt in the fate of a convict, since the rank of life from which he had fallen rendered his crime still greater in the eyes of reason.

I had almost forgotten my galley slave, when, three days after, a remarkably handsome and very young man entered my apartment; I was particularly struck with the sweetness of his voice, and the almost feminine grace of all his actions. He brought me my book and the copy I had ordered; under pretence of comparing them, I requested the young messenger to be seated, and entered into conversation with him.

"This writing is beautiful, and what surprises me in copying this gothic language, the orthography is well preserved."—"Julius was very well educated."—"You are his relation?"—"His relation? his friend."—I looked at him attentively, he blushed excessively. "I pity you in being connected in any way with a man, who—." I did not finish, for a death-like paleness, which shewed to still greater advantage the delicate features of the youth, changed my suspicions into certainty. "Pardon me," said I, in a milder tone, "I now guess the nature of the interest you take in this unfortunate man, and I am aware it is a sentiment which does not always depend on the merit of the object by whom it is inspired."—"Ah, sir! if you knew! the justice of men is so cruel and blind! Julius's crime is that of gratitude, of courage."—"Of courage! and yet he consents to live despised?"—"Do not accuse him of my crime."—"Well then, madam (for every thing reveals your sex) justify the interest I already take in him whom you love, by informing me what fatality has occasioned his fall into the abyss of misery to which you have not scrupled to follow him." She hesitated a moment, burst into tears, and giving me a look, the affecting expression of which I shall never forget, began as follows:

"My name is Amine V——. When I was in my tenth year, my father, who was in the army, died, leaving my mother a widow without any provision: she established a shop for embroidery, which succeeded so well, that she was enabled to give me an education superior to my situation. I was about fifteen, when chance brought Julius to the shop where I was at work with my mother. (You will not be surprised that I should conceal the name of his family, which is, however, far more dishonoured by their conduct towards him, than it can be by the stain of the sentence under which he is now suffering.) His first glance told me he loved, and from that time he daily found excuses for seeing me, whilst I daily found him more worthy of my affection."

"My mother, who knew our secret as soon as we did ourselves, saw immediately the disparity between a young man of large fortune and high rank, and a young workwoman, although her father had met an honourable death at the head of his company in the field of battle. When Julius offered me his hand, she told him she would never consent unless he obtained the approbation of his family. In this resolution, dictated by delicacy, I joined, when Julius was forced to tell us the contempt and threats with which his relations had listened to such a proposal. The most violent opposition he met with was from an uncle who had been his guardian, and whose wife may be considered as an assemblage of all the vices engendered by pride and egotism. Amongst the complaints of Julius against his uncle, he dropped a few words which struck me, and which have since been but too fatally explained. 'Ungrateful and perfidious man!' said he, 'for whom I have risked more than life itself!'

"The following evening, so fatal to us all, Julius, pale, dishevelled, rushed into my mother's apartment; 'Save me!' cried he, falling at our feet, 'I am irretrievably ruined. I am pursued. Close the doors, and fasten them.'

"Nearly a quarter of an hour elapsed before he was sufficiently composed to explain the meaning of his distressing agitation. After having opened the window, as if to measure the height, for we were in the third story, he rent our hearts by the following recital:—'You know,' said he, 'that my father died abroad, where he fled to avoid the first horrors of the Revolution. I returned to France with an uncle who became my guardian, and whose services to the Government obtained a restoration of part of the family property, and one of the first places in the administration of the finances. He had filled it some years, when he offered to resign it in my favour on condition that I would assist him in affixing foreign signatures to some documents it was necessary to produce. I can neither plead my youth, nor my ignorance of business as an excuse, for I knew the documents were forged, and I indignantly refused to become an accomplice in such a transaction; but my uncle so clearly convinced me that no one would be injured by the act, that he could destroy the papers by replacing in the treasury the money for which they were to account; he pointed out to me so earnestly the inevitable ruin of both the honour and the fortunes of our family, which I could easily prevent without compromising myself, as he alone was responsible for the acts of his administration, that I consented. Two years have passed since, and I felt still more secure of an office in which I enjoyed the esteem of the public, as two months ago my uncle showed me the official proof that his accounts were settled with the public treasury. He deceived me: the documents are still in existence, the forger's name is known, and the warrant against me has been issued.' Julius was interrupted by a loud knocking at the house-door. 'Here they come!' he cried. My mother, my beloved mother alone preserved her presence of mind. Our two beds were in the same recess; she ordered Julius to get under the mattress of the inner one, and desired me to lie down upon it; she put out the light and threw herself on her own bed. This was hardly done when some one knocked at the door. My mother opened it. The civil officer who accompanied the gendarmes performed his duty with all the gentleness consistent with it. They searched every part of the room; they pulled my mother's bed to pieces; they then approached mine. My mother applied to the officer to prevent this, telling him I was extremely ill He ordered a light to be brought. My excessive paleness appeared to him a sufficient proof of the illness, the cause of which he perhaps guessed. This generous man was a physician. He felt my pulse, and fixing his eyes on the foot of my bed, the height of which might excite suspicion, pressed my hand and retired, declaring to his companions that I was dangerously ill. I hope he saw my gratitude in the first and only glance I ventured to give him.

They all left us, and we arose as soon as we heard the doors closed. I cannot describe to you the sufferings of this dreadful night, during which terror, courage, despair, and love combined to reduce three beings to the most painful situation that human nature can support. It was necessary we should separate before day-break. We agreed that Julius should leave Paris and endeavour to gain some seaport. He left us. Four hours after, a note from him informed us that he had been arrested. I have since learned who the infamous wretch was that informed the police he was concealed with us. Julius was watched, and no sooner had he quitted us than the walls of a prison enclosed him.

"After the first paroxysm of grief was over, I formed a resolution to devote the rest of my life to love. The best of mothers, whose declining health increased my anxiety, heard and approved my vow. My first step was to go to his uncle with my mother. He received us in the most insolent manner; and his wife went so far as to insinuate that the passion with which I had, she said, bewitched her nephew, had perhaps led him, step by step, to the crime of which he was accused. 'Wretch,' cried my mother, prompted by indignation, 'dare you to accuse my daughter! To the laws then you must answer for it; we will immediately make a deposition of the facts which are known to us, and unmask the real author of the crime which the laws ought to punish, and of which his unworthy relations have accused him whom they corrupted.' Having said this, the truth of which was but too evident from the dismay of those to whom it was addressed, my mother and I left the room, without listening to the sort of apology they attempted to make.

"Julius was not allowed to see any one; and it was forty days before we could obtain permission to visit him, that we might concert measures with him. In the meantime, his uncle, who, in the course of the last two years, ha' transferred his property into foreign funds, fled, leaving the prisoner to support the whole weight of the evidence against him.

"Fate, which seems to have chosen me from the cradle as the victim of misfortune, robbed me of my mother a few days before that on which Julius was to take his trial. No language can describe to you my anguish during the three months I spent between the death-bed of my mother and the prison of my lover. My mother died, and Julius was condemned! I had promised to furnish him with the means of preventing the execution of his sentence. The poison I conveyed to him, was inclosed in a paper in which I had written these words: 'I have kept half the present I send you; need I explain further? Die, and I cease to live. Have superior courage; submit to the disgrace and chains which are offered you, and I share them with you. Ought I to add that love prompts me to live, and that on you my life depends.' Our sentence was executed in all its rigour.

"During the six months which preceded the departure of the convicts, I realized the little property left by my mother. I assumed this disguise, which soon became familiar to me, and when the fatal day arrived I joined on horseback the escort which accompanied the convicts to Toulon. I had been, through the intervention of the celebrated advocate who defended our cause, so fortunate as to obtain, from the humanity of the Judge, the favour, that as Julius was feeble and ill, he should not be chained to another criminal, and that on the road he should avail himself of the indulgences he might have the means of procuring, under the inspection of the gendarme, under whose particular care he had been placed."

When we reached Toulon the same benevolence was extended to us: my unhappy friend was not chained, but wearing only a single ring, sufficient, alas! to expose him to the contempt of men: he was excused from labouring with the other slaves, and permitted to exercise the profession of a copyist in the town. He does not take advantage of an indulgence which would expose him to the gaze of others, he never leaves the galley in which you saw him, except to pass an hour twice a week with me in the retreat I have chosen, and whence I have a view of his floating prison."

"You have now heard the story of my misfortunes, and I see by your countenance that you sympathize with me. Shall I weaken the interest you feel, by avowing that the deplorable situation to which I am reduced, possesses a delight for which nothing could compensate? That love with which an unjust and frivolous world reproaches me, inspires a feeling of pride, which enables me to despise those who accuse me. My affection has increased in proportion to the misfortunes of my lover; my heart protects him whom men have so cruelly abandoned. In vain society rejects him; in vain calumny injures him: my presence creates a new world for him: my esteem restores him to his own, and the proofs I have given of the strength of my attachment make him almost bless their painful cause."—

However faithful my memory has been, I cannot flatter myself that I have given you any idea of the charm which feeling and expression gave to the recital of this young girl; but from her mouth alone you ought to hear the account she gave me of her present life and future hopes.

"We have established a sort of telegraphic communication, by means of which we correspond. I go every morning to carry Julius's work to the persons who employ him, and receive the payment for it. At twelve o'clock I go to the galley, and carry him new work. I spend a few hours with him, during which I assist him in his employments, and take care of his flowers, which he loves. I retire before the return of the convicts, happy in the hope of seeing him again the next day."

"I never knew the pleasures bestowed by beauty, youth, rank, or riches, but I am certain they can never equal that which I experience on the days when Julius visits my humble dwelling, when we weep together over the remembrance of our wrongs. Love gives us strength and courage to support the present, and embellishes the future with the brightest hopes. In two years Julius will be at liberty, and we shall seek an asylum in the western hemisphere, with a nation strangers to our laws and to our prejudices, where the errors of inexperience are not irreparable."

During my stay at Toulon I saw these two lovers frequently, and I acquired the melancholy certainty that one of the most virtuous women in France loved a convict, and that an honest man was a galley-slave.*

* This anecdote is founded on facts, and the principal details are true: reasons which may be easily understood have obliged me to change the names and some of the circumstances; but I have said enough to excite the attention of the ministers to a misfortune of which there are perhaps more examples than one, and to awaken the clemency of the King towards an unfortunate man who is probably not unworthy of it. Z.

Fine Arts.

VISIT TO INCE BLUNDELL.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sed hic prius fuere; nunc recondita
Senent quite:———— *Catull.*

SIR,—Who shall calculate with certainty upon the accomplishment of mortal hopes? Who has not felt the miseries of uncertainty; the pangs of hope deferred; the uneasy strugglings of irresolution, when fate has seemed determined to destroy the schemes of pleasure which we in our fancied wisdom may have planned? Our arrangement for an excursion to Ince Blundell was formally concluded; the evening was serene and beautiful; the stars shone forth with unwonted brilliancy, and gave promise of an auspicious morrow. The day itself was bright and cloudless, and smiled upon us as if in scorn. The wished-for hour drew near, and our ideas were at the highest, when suddenly the calm face of nature was shrouded in darkness, the rain fell in torrents, and all became gloomy and lustreless as our own dying hopes. Long did we watch with anxious expectancy to discover one glimpse of returning sunshine to cheer us with a brighter promise. Another hour passed away: blank disappointment brooded over us, till the clouds passed away as quickly as they were formed, and left us again to resolve upon our journey.

We hesitated no longer, but joyfully departed, prizing the serenity the more as it had seemed as if lost to us, and passed on, enjoying the opening beauties of Nature smiling through her tears, nor stopped till we reached the entrance of the park of Ince Hall. The portal itself is by no means magnificent, either in design or proportion. We were much struck by the appearance of a lion and lioness, on each side of the gateway, curiously executed in stone, and coloured to resemble life. We proceeded along a broad path of living green, winding beautifully through the woods, which, though recent, were thick and luxuriant. After emerging from the plantation we entered an open park, of considerable extent, studded here and there with clumps of trees. We passed the observatory, a small building, which must command a very extensive view, as it is upon rather elevated ground, and is a conspicuous object from the low country to the northward. Here we had a good view of the hall, which is of a moderate size, built of brick, without much regard to regularity or architectural beauty. Close to the house stands the rotunda, an exact imitation of the pantheon, and would doubtless be a beautiful object if it were in another situation; but the effect is completely destroyed by its immediate proximity to a larger building. On entering the vestibule is a large square room, paved with marble, and intended purposely for the reception of statuary. We were delighted with the profusion of relics that surrounded us: the eye roved in admiration from figure to figure, undetermined what object should first claim investigation. Amid so endless a variety, the mere enumeration of them would occupy too much space; we can only describe a few, which appeared to us most exquisite. Under the table is a sleeping Venus (torso) which we thought the finest in the collection. She is reclining upon a couch, rather upon the right side, with her head thrown over the right shoulder, and the legs crossing each other. It is not a voluptuous figure, either in attitude or expression. It is not the Mater sæva Cupidinum, but Cytherea, in her mildest and loveliest form, a perfect personification of innocence in a deep and dreamless, yet living and breathing sleep, and every lineament seems ready to awake at once to life and motion. The contour of the countenance is Grecian, and the features regular and beautiful. The eyelids appear to have fallen upon the eyes by the heaviness of sleep, and to remain there merely by the quiescence of their elasticity. The nose is calm and motionless, not agitated even by the act of respiration. The mouth is half open, and the lips rather prominent, and the chin exquisitely moulded. There is that perfect serenity of the whole face which indicates the oblivion of sleep; and yet are the features so framed, that, in the very absence of all expression, they give an idea of a capability of expression of the highest order; and we may fancy if the spell should be broken, how radiant that sweet countenance would be with every emanation of an energetic nature. The rest of the figure is equally delightful; there is no stiffness or rigidity; every thing is light, free, and graceful; every muscle seems relaxed; and each limb so gently and powerlessly in opposition to each other, that, were you to raise them, they would fall again, in the absence of volition, by their own gravity. The drapery, too, is light and airy, and falls with graceful negligence over the rounded form.

On the opposite side is a tall upright figure of Psyche, one of the first efforts of Canova: she is holding a butterfly in her right hand, and looking down to contemplate it. It is a chaste, beautiful, and elegant statue: but all is cold, solemn, and death-like; there is no warmth or animation about it; it seems as it is, a thing of marble, and

wants the Promethean fire to rouse it into life. The face is of celestial beauty, simple and innocent; yet there is no consciousness of existence; no semblance of feeling; not one lineament projects beyond another; but the whole surface is smooth, round and polished; and the skin, too, is, as it were, too dense and palpable to allow imagination to penetrate beyond. Even the butterfly seems a thing of stone, without any fluttering buoyancy of wing to indicate its wish or power of motion. It may, too, perhaps, be objected, that the shoulders are rather too narrow for the length of the figure, and that the body is too thin and even. There is also a fragment of a hand, where the ramifications of the subcutaneous veins on the back are most accurately and admirably displayed.

A modern piece of sculpture represents Cleopatra in a recumbent posture, the head resting on the left hand, whilst the right is thrown carelessly and elegantly behind the head. Both arms display great feminine beauty, particularly the rounding of the left elbow; the latter appears soft, fleshy, and fair. The countenance is fine, but not expressive of that uncontrolled voluptuousness so characteristic of her luxuriant passions. The limbs are naturally and gracefully turned, evidencing in the sculptor both anatomical skill, and an intimate acquaintance with female form. The drapery is executed with much niceness, yet its flowing folds are in the highest degree easy and chaste. Of similar size is the dying gladiator, who faints from loss of blood, is sitting on the ground, supporting his sinking yet athletic frame on the right arm. Death appears to have overtaken him, yet even in the dimness of departing sight, some traces may be found of his daring and intrepid spirit. In the swelling muscles is an incipient relaxation from the exhaustion of nature, struggling with the contraction of determined power, unwilling to be subdued even by death. In the right corner is a bust of Vespasian, of colossal dimensions, and expressive of that calm, calculating look of benignity which so distinguished the warlike Emperor. To it is attached a coin, with the impression of the profile of Vespasian, which bears a striking similarity to the bust. On the table stands a small figure of a philosopher seated in a chair, with a scroll in his hand, which is supposed to be that of Demosthenes. The attitude is easy and graceful, and the drapery finely delineated; the countenance is that of declining life, with a look of solemnity and sorrow, not unmixed with scorn and resolution, such as might be supposed to have possessed him when meditating an oration against the haughty Macedonian.

At the base of the stairs, also crowded with antiques, stands a model of Trajan's column, in wood, painted to represent the original, but it is not seen to advantage, owing to its confined situation. The Roman monuments and urns are in abundance, and there are a few Grecian. The following is inscribed on one of the former, placed against the wall ascending the stairs, and surrounded with elegant sculptured ornaments:

DIIS.
MANIBVS.
JVNIAE.
M. F. MARCELLAE.
QVAE. VIXIT. ANN. XX.
SANCTAE.
JVNIA. ϽI. PRIVATA.
PATRONAE. PIISSIMAE.
B. M. D. SVϴ.

Near the above is a group in relievo, representing the birth of Hercules, one of the finest and truest performances in the collection. The figures, attitudes, and expression of the attendants are admirably in harmony with the easy negligence of exhausted nature in the mother, and the firm sinewy limbs of the athletic and godlike infant. Higher up the balustrade is a fragment of Mosaic work, representing Jupiter, Venus, and Minerva.

Our time was too limited to allow us to devote that attention to the paintings, or other objects of attraction, which their excellencey so well deserves; the statuary possessing, in our estimation, superior interest, from its comparative rarity.

The finest specimens are said to be contained in the rotunda, which is a lofty and spacious building, surmounted by a cupola, through which the light is admitted. It was with feelings of a sublimer nature that we entered this sacred edifice, associated as it is, from its structure and contents, with remembrances of olden and surpassing genius. The very green moisture on the walls, and the damp coldness of the air, were in unison with the deathlike stillness of these images of departed greatness.

'Tis worth an age of the dull monotony of common life, to revel for a few fleeting hours in a scene like this; to feel ourselves, with the vivid consciousness of individual existence, in contact so immediately with the mighty dead, the noblest, the wisest, and the bravest of by-gone times; to reflect upon the eventful histories of known resemblances; to imagine the original purpose and destination of each separate object; then to view them in the mind's wide sphere, dispersed and mutilated, unregarded and unappreciated; and again, to behold them collected and preserved in a place so unexpected and remote as this, and that too by the enthusiasm, the perseverance, and liberality of one private man; who, like their prototypes, has also passed away, yet who, like them, will not be forgotten while a veneration of the sublimities of art survives, whose fairest monument is, to look around us. How does imagination luxuriate amid these silent and lifeless semblances! How many an hour of anxiety and labour has each artist bestowed upon the execution of his individual subject, while the noiseless tide of time has swept away every record of them both! How slight is the limit between immortality and oblivion, when the addition of a name alone would have obtained it. In a niche of this rotunda are two minute casts of the Greek poets Menander and Possidippus, who are represented seated in chairs in a contemplative and easy attitude; and their whole composition is a lasting record of the vast superiority of the ancients in the minutiæ of the art. One group of figures, in a recess on the right, we supposed to be intended for the captivity of Prometheus; he is delineated as chained to the rock of Caucasus, on the summit of which stands the bird of Vengeance (the eternal eagle) ready to seize its devoted prey. Near it sits Jove, waving his hand in denial to some suppliant women, who appear to be praying for the release of him who had infused into them the stolen flame of life. Not far from this is an exquisite representation of Apollo, who is preparing to enter his chariot, to perform his radiant course; it is attended by the Titans (or winds) who are personified with the attributes of Rage and Fury, and led on by the attendant Seasons. This, and other pieces in a similar style, confirmed our previous opinion of the great inferiority of modern relievos, which seem formed *merely* for the object of affording relief to spaces which would otherwise appear blank and unfinished; without even an attempt on the part of the sculptor to render the execution in itself an ornament and embellishment to the work of which they form a part.

From the rotunda we proceeded to the octagon (through a greenhouse) which is at present much dilapidated; it is much smaller than the former, but enriched with many rare and valuable antiques; it is not possible to enumerate them in a slight sketch like this.

It was not without sentiments of deep regret that we quitted so delightful a spot, where, amid a profusion of the charms of nature, we were compelled to acknowledge the excellence, the sublimity, the equality of art; and, where the hospitality we experienced was commensurate with the liberality of its possessor and the magnificence of the place itself.

NATHANTIQUARII.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE LIVERPOOL ACADEMY.

GENTLEMEN,—Understanding that you have it now in contemplation to open the ensuing annual exhibition shortly after the London one has closed, I beg leave most respectfully to point out the necessity of postponing it until the period when the musical festival commences, as the great influx of strangers of all ranks which takes place at that time would very much increase the receipts of the exhibition, and would afford an excellent opportunity to the artists of becoming more extensively known. It might possibly also be the means of drawing some of them from their comparative obscurity, to the situation they deserve amongst the most respectable of the profession, and of stimulating their exertions to prove to their townsmen an ardent determination to rival other provincial institutions, and maintain that character for taste and elegant accomplishments Liverpool has already acquired, and thereby merit their encouragement and esteem.

I am informed that many of the artists have been painting fancy subjects, with the hope of disposing of them. It will be evident they could not have a more advantageous opportunity for that purpose; and it is to be desired that these reasons will induce you to reconsider the matter, and put off the exhibition until the above period, as it only occurs once in six years.

PICTOR.

May 21, 1823.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I never read a more ridiculous strain of flattery than your account of Mr. Green in the *Kaleidoscope*. He was a mere matter-of-fact man, whose only merit was in his industry. He not only took views but took all the particulars, interesting or not: he would count stoops and rails. Now, who, in getting their picture taken, would care about having all the pimples, freckles, warts, &c. represented, much less pay an artist for laboriously finishing them? He was a vile colorist, like all artists who never color their sketches out of doors! and as to his pictures exhibiting any poetry of his art, nobody but yourself would ever find it out.

I am surprised that you should praise such an inferior artist's works, and never say a word hardly in praise of your own townsmen. Shortly after the exhibition here closed last season, there was a statement by one of the artists, in the *Courier*, that there were only two pictures sold during the exhibition, and one after; and yet with the exception of inserting that letter, neither the *Courier* nor any one of the Liverpool papers took any notice of a fact so disgraceful to a commercial town, or had the kindness for the artists to ask the public why they wished to *make* artists and not encourage them afterwards? They could not surely be insensible to the very great merit of the landscapes of Mr. C. Barber, of Norton-street. His sunny delicious effects are worth far more than the modest prices he puts upon them. Any one of them is worth all that Mr. Green ever painted in his life.

Monday evening. AMATEUR.

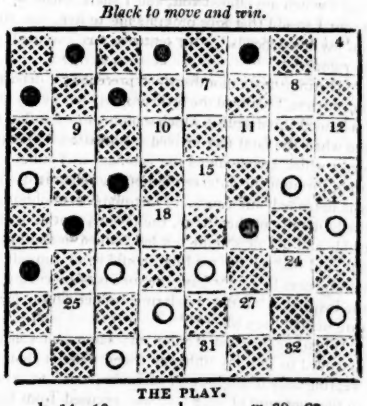
If there is an exhibition this year, suppose you say a few words on this subject the week it opens, by way of reparation to the artists in general, in strong but respectful language to the public.

CRITICAL SITUATIONS IN Draughts.

SITUATION XCIII.

(Number 139 of Sturges.)

Black to move and win.



THE PLAY.

b. 14—18	w. 30—23
w. 22—15	b. 6— 9
b. 17—22	w. 13— 6
w. 26—17	b. 1—26
b. 19—26	BLACK WINS.

Poetry.

TO THE EDITOR.

Gratitude, dear Sir, for the honour done to my poor old favourite by admitting his eulogium amid the press of so much matter, prompted instant acknowledgment, and the best offering in my poor ability to supply, for the pages of the ensuing *Kaleidoscope*; but when I had looked over the notes to correspondents, the same sentiment bade me *forbear*, and thus the week passed away.—The accompanying lines, dear Sir, were written during sickness, and are literally *truth* "by fairy fiction drest." They will, with your approval, be honoured by appearing whenever it may suit *your convenience*, which I beg I may never be suffered to encroach upon.—Believe me, dear Sir,

Very faithfully yours,

Liverpool, May 20, 1823. G.

ADDRESS TO MAY;

BECOME LATTERLY A SEASON OF MUCH SUFFERING TO THE WRITER.

Oh! why, sweet May, with thy dove-like eyes,
Thy voice like the echo of lovers' sighs,
Thy emerald dress, and its broidery light,
All sprinkled o'er with the vi'let bright;
Oh! why, sweet May, with thy breath of balm,
Thy gentle airs, and thy zephyrs calm;
Oh! why, in thy softest witchery drest,
Com'st thou to rob my soul of her rest;
And with smiles angelic beings wear
Consign to the haunts of chill despair?
Oh! tell me, sweet May, why still o'er me
Thou wav'st the branch of the cypress tree;
And 'mong buds the fairest of Flora's train
Scatter hemlock rank, and the dark henbane;
With thy Hebe-hand guid'st the dart of Death,
And garlands his scythe with a flowery wreath?
Oh! why, sweet May, in thy early bloom,
Dost thou love to play round the mould'ring tomb;
And when buds in their beauty wild look out,
And the harp responds to the revel rout,
Then why dost thou chuse, dear blue-eyed Spring,
With tears to make heavy thy angel wing?
Oh! why not come in thy own true form,
The soul to cheer, and the heart to warm?
For the Graces and Loves all wait on thee,
And thine is the season of revelry;
For thee Narcissus, in pearly vest,
Wide opes to the gale his fragrant breast;
For thee anemones lavish unfold
Their treasures of purple, of scarlet, and gold;
And, springing spontaneous, around thy feet
Are king-cups and daisies, with violets sweet;
And the lily, meek flower of the vale, is thine,
Half hid in her hood of emeralds fine;
And Dryads are dancing in vesture light,
And Nalads are sporting in fountains bright;
And for thee, dear nymph, for thee sweet May,
Great nature herself holds holiday;
And the song, and dance, and festive glee,
Enchantress sweet, are all for thee.
Then why dost thou quit thy glittering hall,
To wrap thee in folds of the sweeping pall,
And joy o'er the green and verdant earth,
To prank thee in sable stole of Death,
And for starry garb, and for lightsome song,
Chuse the spectre shroud, and the funeral throng?
And for bowers where the snowy lilacs wave,
The Church-yard path and the dusky grave?
What means this masking and quaint disguise,
Can treachery dwell in those dove-like eyes?
And the buds of death, can they fitful glare
With the rose that twines round thy golden hair?
Enchantress sweet! Ah, let me behold
In native loveliness, pure unfold
The charms of thy soft and sylvan reign,
Unmarked of sorrow, unstained of pain!
Alas! hope withers as soon as born,
And the rose presents but the rankling thorn;
And often as Spring her visit pays,
And over the hill's and mountains strays;
Wanders by Ribble's glittering stream,
And tints the meads with her golden beam:
So often must lost Hygeia go,
With pensive step, and a look of woe;
For the bloom on her cheek, take the hectic's hue;
And for genial warmth, the chilling dew,
That in icy drops on her forehead start,
And drain the pure lymph of her throbbing heart;
Still fated, alas! with dire dismay,
In tears to behold the birth of May!
Ah! cannot I win thee, Goddess fair,
To list to the pining captive's prayer,
And with smiles to usurp the place of tears,
And *be* altogether what thou appears?
Ah! come, sweet nymph, in thy brightest bloom,
And cheer the night of the darkened room;
Bid sickness raise her languid head,
Nor longer brood on the tranquil dead;
Wishing, how oft!—in a land more blest,
Were hers as sweet, and as calm, to rest!
Dear May! in thy beauty hither come,
And leave to the bats the moss-grown tomb:
Come 'rayed in thy loveliest form of grace,
Nor mar with a cloud thy angel face!

Liverpool. G.

[ORIGINAL.]

Die 12*mo. Cal. Mali.*

Nunc follis arbores, campos floribus, ornat
Ver veniens: stridens jam Boreas abiit,
Nunc auras hyemis gelidas submovit Apollo:
Terraque nunc ridens semina jacta fovet.
Exercent sub sole laborem, mellaque condunt
In cellis altis, cum leve murmure apes,
Et modi gaudentesque volantes aëre cernas
Nidis constructis, perceleres alâ aves.
Per campos silvasque virentes nos juvat ire,
Respirare auras jamque salutiferas.

Dum natura placet, juvenis, reminiscere brumae
Vitae, quaeque venit nunc pede cum tacito,
Namque juventa est vitae hominum ver: semina morum et
Doctrinae in animum sparge modo assidue.
Messis tuneque ferax reddet tibi praemia digna,
Recti conscia mens, atque dies placidi
Semper erunt tibi. Bruma actati, abeuntibus annis,
Nunquam te miserum aut infelicem invenlet.
Et cùm te, omnium edax, postremum corripiet mors,
Tunc confide Deo, namque beatus eris.

MERCHANT TAYLORS' COMPANY.

John Hall, a taylor near to Leaden-hall,
Apprentice, of a mind heroicall!
Having an itching humour for the wars,
He from his master ran to follow Mars;
And at the field ofCressy he did slay
With his own hand and sword eighteen that day,
And prisoner took Count Saysons, for which thing
He instantly was knighted by the King.
King Edward, for Hall's sake and exaltation,
Did make the Taylors first a Corporation;
Then let malicious fooles this story scan,
And blush to say a Taylor is no man!
The author of these lines himself is free
Of the Merchant Taylors' Company!

CHARADE.

La joie ou la douleur, la surprise, la rage,
La peur, et le plaisir, font naitre mon *premier*;
Dans le champ l'animal qui sert au labourage,
Et celui qui défend la maison du pillage,
Sont tourmentés par mon *dernier*.
Un malheureux auteur produit-il un ouvrage,
Il est en proie à mon *entier*.

ADVICE TO A RHYMESTER.

Friend.—Before your verses meet the town,
You must not spare, but *cut 'em down*
The matter too you must condense,
And with the line conclude the sense;
If otherwise you make it close,
Your rhymes will wander into prose.
Poet.—Why? Butler did not think it fit—
Friend.—Nor need, when fraught with Butler's wit;
You kindle now and then a spark,
But soon again we're in the dark:
But study Prior, or Fontaine,—
Yet stay! I see I give you pain.
Poet.—Why really, 'tis a bitter cup,
This cutting down, for cutting up.

Advertisements.

CARY AND LEA'S GEOGRAPHY OF THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE.

This day is published, in One Volume 8vo. illustrated with several coloured Maps, Charts, and Views, price 18s. in bds.

THE GEOGRAPHY, HISTORY, and STATISTICS of AMERICA and the WEST INDIES; exhibiting a correct account of the Discovery, Settlement, and Progress of the various *Kingdoms*, *States*, and *Provinces* of the Western Hemisphere, to the Year 1822.

By H. C. CARY and J. LEA, of Philadelphia.

London: Re-printed, with considerable Additions relative to the NEW STATES OF SOUTH AMERICA, &c. &c. for Sherwood, Jones, and Co. Paternoster-row. Sold also by W. Grapel, and G. and J. Robinson, Liverpool.

"The publication before us contains by far the most valuable condensation of American Geography, History, and Statistics, which has issued from the Press. It is constructed on a comprehensive and excellent plan; the Maps, Charts, and Plates are numerous and well executed; and when all the modern information required by the changes and revolutions on the New Continent are taken into the account, we are free to say that this Volume is a very complete illustration of the important matters which it embraces. Either for instruction or reference it is calculated to be a standard work."—*Literary Gazette, March* 29.

COOKE'S TOPOGRAPHY of GREAT BRITAIN, or British Traveller's Pocket Directory: being an accurate and comprehensive Topographical and Statistical Description of ALL THE COUNTIES in England, Scotland, and Wales.

This day is published, illustrated by a Map of the County, and Eight beautiful Views, price 4s. a New Edition of

THE TOPOGRAPHY of LANCASHIRE; containing an Account of its

Situation,	Mines,	Agriculture,
Extent,	Minerals,	Fairs,
Towns,	Fisheries,	Markets,
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Rivers,	Trade,	Antiquities,
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Civil and Ecclesiastical Jurisdiction, &c. &c.

To which is prefixed a copious TRAVELLING GUIDE, exhibiting the direct and principal Cross Roads, Inns, and Distances of Stages, and Noblemen's and Gentlemen's Seats, forming a complete COUNTY ITINERARY: with a List of the Fairs, and an Index Table, showing at one view the distances of all the Towns from London, and of the Towns from each other. The whole interspersed with a variety of Information, entertaining to the general Reader,—highly beneficial to the Agriculturist, Trader, and Manufacturer,—and particularly interesting to the Traveller, the Speculatist, the Antiquary, and, in short, to every Inhabitant of the British Empire. By G. A. COOKE, Esq.

London: Printed for Sherwood, Jones, and Co. Paternoster Row.

The Topography of the following Counties within the Circuit of this Paper, will be found particularly interesting, viz.

Westmorland, 2s.	Yorkshire ..... 4s.	Staffordshire .... 2s.
Cumberland .. 2s.	Nottinghamshire 4s.	Cheshire ..... 2s.
Durham ..... 2s.	Derbyshire ..... 2s.	North Wales 2s. 6d.

*** The Plan of this Work has received particular approbation, from each County's being divided into easy Journies; by which means, Persons, either riding, or on foot, have the opportunity of viewing many beauties, which might not otherwise be noticed. To frequenters of the various Watering Places, in the Kingdom, the Work would be found a most agreeable Guide and Companion.

Chit Chat.

Theatre-Royal, Manchester.—The following is a list of the receipts at the different benefits during the season which terminated on Saturday evening last:

Mrs. M'Gibbon	£139	Mr. Browne	£139
Mr. Bass	182	Messrs. Foster and Porteus	93
Mr. Salter	127	Mr. Andrews	159
Mrs. Radcliffe	145	Mr. Penson	84
Miss Hammersley	105	Mr. Rees	92

Mr. Sinclair, formerly of Covent-garden Theatre, is engaged at a high salary, as *primo tenore*, at Florence. The progress he has made in his art is, we are informed by a good judge, quite astonishing.—*The Harmonicon.*

We understand that our townsman Mr. T. Roscoe has been for some time engaged on an English version of Sismondi's admirable work on the Literature of the South of Europe.

Over the door of a house in a village in the West of England is hung a board with this inscription:—"Schooling for little boys and girls at 2d per week; *them as larns manners pays 2d more.*"

Rachael, daughter of Mr. Perkins, corkcutter, Newcastle, aged three years, was, last week, smothered to death, by being accidentally shut up in a press-bed.

New Mode of Fishing.—Last week, whilst a gentleman was walking by the side of Coniston Lake, he observed a large pike seize a small one, in consequence of which a struggle ensued, and the water became violently agitated. Being accompanied by his dog, he directed its attention to the spot, and in an instant the faithful animal was at the scene of action—grasped the two combatants between its jaws, and brought them safe to shore. They weighed together near 5lb.—*(Kendal Chronicle.)*

Signification of the Names of Towns and Villages.—Those towns, cities, or villages, whose terminations are *chester, caster,* or *cester,* show that the Romans, in their stay among us, made fortifications about the places where they are now situated. In the Latin tongue *castra* is the name for these fortifications. Such are *Castor, Chester, Doncaster, Leicester. Don* signifies a mountain, and *ley, or lei,* ground widely overgrown, in our ancient tongue. *Wye, wick,* or *wich,* means a place of refuge, and is the termination of Warwick, Nantwich, Northwich, Middlewich, Sandwich, Greenwich, and Woolwich. *Thorp,* before the word *village* was borrowed from the French, was used in its stead, and is used at the end of many town's names. *Bury, Burgh,* or *Berry,* signifies, metaphorically, a town having a wall about it; sometimes a high or chief place. *Wold,* means a plain open country; *combe,* a valley between two hills; *knock,* a hill; *hurst,* signifies a woody place; *magh,* a field; *innes,* an island; *worth,* a place situated between two rivers; and *ing,* a track of meadows. *Minster* is a contraction of monastery. All these words are found in many of our names of places, either at their beginning or end.

The Sea Serpent again.—Captain Thomas, of the brig Abigail, from New York, recently arrived at Mobile, states, that on the 25th of February, in lat. 29 14, lon. 86½, he saw a strange fish or serpent, which appeared to be between fifty and sixty feet in length, and it was judged that not more than half its length was visible, as the size of its body, on the surface of the water, appeared to be nearly as large as any other part, except its head, which was erect, he had a full view of it; the head supposed to be about eighteen or twenty feet in length, appearing like the bottom of a long boat, only that it was apparently made up of joints, about six feet each, resembling a row of casks lashed together. The body gradually tapering from the projection of the lower part of the head; of a dark alligator or copper colour. Velocity through the water estimated at eighteen miles per hour. At first it appeared in a coil or heap, resembling a floating tree; by some supposed to be a flock of wild fowl, but it straitened and remained in sight but about five minutes, when it disappeared below the surface. The weather was calm and pleasant.—*American paper.*

The Duchess of Marlborough.—The Duke of Marlborough being indisposed, was pressed by the Duchess to take some medicine; who, with her usual warmth, added "I'll be hanged if it do not prove serviceable." Dr. Garth being present, said, "Do take it then, my Lord, for it must be of service one way or other."

The monks of a monastery at Messina, exhibited with great triumph a letter written by the Virgin Mary, with her own hand. Unluckily for them, this was not, as it easily might have been, written on the ancient papyrus, but on paper made of rags. On some occasion, a visiter to whom this was shown, observed with affected solemnity, that the letter involved also a miracle, for the paper on which it was written was not in existence till several hundred years after the mother of our Lord had ascended into heaven.

Literary Notices.

THE NEW WORK, QUENTIN DURWARD.

[Continued from our last.]

INTERVIEW BETWEEN LUDOVIC LESLIE (OR LE BALAFRE) AND HIS NEPHEW, QUENTIN DURWARD.

"Ludovic Leslie, or, as we shall more frequently call him, Le Balafré, by which name he was generally known in France, was upwards of six feet high, robust, strongly compacted in person, and hard-favoured in countenance, which latter attribute was much increased by a large and ghastly scar, which, beginning on his forehead, and narrowly missing his right eye, had laid bare the cheekbone, and descended from thence almost to the tip of his ear, exhibiting a deep seam, which was sometimes scarlet, sometimes purple, sometimes blue, and sometimes approaching to black, but always hideous, because at variance with the complexion of the face in whatever state it chanced to be, whether agitated or still, flushed with unusual passion, or in its ordinary state of weather-beaten and sun-burnt swarthiness.

"His dress and arms were splendid. He wore his national bonnet, crested with a tuft of feathers, and with a Virgin Mary of massive silver for a brooch. These had been presented to the Scottish Guard, in consequence of the King, in one of his fits of superstitious piety, having devoted the swords of his guard to the service of the Holy Virgin, and, as some say, carried the matter so far as to draw out a commission to Our Lady as their Captain General. The Archer's gorget, armpieces, and gauntlets, were of the finest steel, curiously inlaid with silver, and his hauberk, or shirt of mail, was as clear and bright as the frost-work of a winter morning upon fern or brier. He wore a loose surcoat, or cassock, of rich blue velvet, open at the sides like that of a herald, with a large white cross of embroidered silver bisecting it both before and behind—his knees and legs were protected by hose of mail and shoes of steel—a broad strong poinard (called the *Mercy of God*) hung by his right side—the bauldrick for his two-handed sword, richly embroidered, hung upon his left shoulder; but, for convenience, he at present carried in his hand that unwieldy weapon, which the rules of his service forbade him to lay aside.

"Quentin Durward, though, like the Scottish youth of the period, he had been early taught to look upon arms and war, thought he had never seen a more martial-looking, or more completely equipped and accomplished man-at-arms, than now saluted him in the person of his mother's brother, called Ludovic with the Scar, or Le Balafré; yet he could not but shrink a little from the grim expression of his countenance, while, with its rough moustachious, he brushed first the one and then the other cheek of his kinsman, welcomed his fair nephew to France, and, in the same breath, asked what news from Scotland.

"'Little good, dear uncle,' replied young Durward; 'but I am glad that you know me so readily.'

"'I would have known thee, boy, in the *landes* of Bourdeaux, had I met thee marching there like a crane on a pair of stilts. But sit thee down—sit thee down—if there is sorrow to hear of, we will have wine to make us bear it.—Ho! old Pinch-Measure, our good host, bring us of thy best, and that in an instant.'

"The well-known sound of the Scottish-French was as familiar in the taverns near Plessis, as that of the Swiss-French in the modern *ginguettes* of Paris; and promptly—ay, with the promptitude of fear and precipitation, was it heard and obeyed. A flagon of champagne soon stood before them, of which the elder took a draught, while the nephew helped himself only to a moderate sip, to acknowledge his uncle's courtesy, saying, in excuse, that he had already drunk wine that morning.

"'That had been a rare apology in the mouth of thy sister, fair nephew,' said Le Balafré; 'you must fear the wine-pot less, if you would wear beard on your face, and write yourself soldier. But, come—come—unbuckle your Scottish mail-bag—give us the news of Glen-houlakin—how doth my sister?'

"'Dead, fair uncle,' answered Quentin sorrowfully.

"'Dead!' echoed his uncle, with a tone rather marked by wonder than sympathy—'why, she was five years younger than I, and I was never better in my life. Dead! the thing is impossible. I have never had so much as a head-ache, unless after revelling out my two or three days' furlough with the brethren of the joyous science—and my poor sister is dead!—And your father, fair nephew, hath he married again?'—

"And, ere the youth could reply, he read the answer in his surprise at the question, and said, 'What, no? I would have sworn that Allan Durward was no man to live without a wife. He loved to have his house in order—loved to look on a pretty woman too; and was somewhat strict in life withal—matrimony did all this for him. Now I care little about these comforts; and I can look on a pretty woman without thinking on the sacrament of wedlock—I am scarce holy enough for that.'

"'Alas! dear uncle, my mother was left widow a year since, when Glen-houlakin was harried by the Ogilvies. My father, and my two uncles, and my two elder brothers, and seven of my kinsmen, and the harper, and the tasker, and some six more of our people, were killed in defending the castle; and there is not a burning hearth or a standing stone in all Glen-houlakin.'

"'Cross of Saint Andrew!' said Le Balafré; 'that is what I call an onslaught. Ay, these Ogilvies were ever but sorry neighbours to Glen-houlakin—an evil chance it was; but fate of war—fate of war.—When did this mishap befal, fair nephew?' With that he took a deep draught of wine in lieu, and shook his head with much solemnity, when his kinsman replied, that his family had been destroyed upon the festival of Saint Jude last bye-past.

"'Look ye there,' said the soldier; 'I said it was all chance—on that very day I and twenty of my comrades carried the Castle of Roche-noir by storm, from Amaury Bras-de-fer, a captain of free lances, whom you must have heard of. I killed him on his own threshold, and gained as much gold as made this fair chain, which was one twice as long as it now is—and that minds me to send part of it on an holy errand.—Here, Andrew—Andrew!'

"Andrew, his yeoman, entered, dressed like the Archer himself in the general equipment, but without the armour for the limbs,—that of the body more coarsely manufactured—his cap without a plume, and his cassock made of serge, or coarse cloth, instead of rich velvet. Untwining his gold chain from his neck, Balafré twisted off, with his firm and strong-set teeth, about four inches from the one end of it, and said to his attendant, 'Here, Andrew, carry this to my gossip, jolly Father Boniface, the monk of St. Martin's—greet him well from me, by the same token that he could not say God save ye when we last parted at midnight. Tell my gossip that my brother and sister, and some others of my house, are all dead and gone, and I pray him to say masses for their souls as far as the value of these links will carry him, and to do on trust what else may be necessary to free them from Purgatory. And hark ye, as they were just-living people, and free from all heresy, it may be that they are well nigh out of limbo already, so that a little matter may have them free of the fetlocks; and, in that case, look ye, ye will say I desire to take out the gold in curses upon a generation called the Ogilvies, in what way soever the church may best come at them. You understand all this, Andrew?'

"The coutelier nodded.

"'Then look that none of the links find their way to the wine-house ere the Monk touches them; for if it so chance, thou shalt taste of saddle-girth and stirrup-leather, till thou art as raw as Saint Bartholomew. Yet hold, I see thy eye has fixed on the wine-measure, and thou shalt not go without tasting.'

"So saying, he filled him a brimful cup, which the coutelier drank off, and retired to do his patron's commission.

"'And now, fair nephew, let us hear what was your own fortune in this unhappy matter.'

"'I fought it out among these who were older and stouter than I was, till we were all brought down,' said Durward,' and I received a cruel wound.'

"'Not a worse slash than I received ten years since myself,' said Le Balafré. 'Look at this now, my fair nephew,' tracing the dark crimson gash which was imprinted on his face. 'An Ogilvy's sword never ploughed so deep a furrow.'

"'They ploughed deeply enough,' answered Quentin, sadly; 'but they were tired at last, and my mother's entreaties procured mercy for me, when I was found to retain some spark of life; but although a learned monk of Aberbrothock, who chanced to be our guest at the fatal time, and narrowly escaped being killed in the fray, was permitted to bind my wounds, and finally to remove me to a place of safety, it was only on promise, given both by my mother and him, that I should become a monk.'"

RINGAN GILHAIZE, OR THE COVENANTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF THE PARISH," "SIR ANDREW WYLIE," "THE ENTAIL," &c. 3 VOLS. 12MO. OLIVER AND BOYD, 1823.

[From the Edinburgh Weekly Chronicle.]

Here we have another work from the most active follower in the wake of the great author of Waverley, and who seems now to rank as second to him (though with some interval) in the delineation of Scottish domestic history and character. The present volume displays those characteristic merits which we have formerly pointed out; and they are displayed on a more extended and important field, than in former works. In the adventures of Ringan Gilhaize and his immediate ancestors, the author presents us with a picture of Scotland during the whole of that period, when revolution and civil contest rendered her history eventful. He begins with the Reformation, and ends with the Revolution. He presents us, as it were, with the under-plot in all that succession of great dramas. We shall not blunt the reader's curiosity by any analysis of the story; and we regret that the pressure of political news puts it out of our power to make large extracts; however, we will give one or two. The following first view of the great Scottish Reformer, must be allowed to be powerfully drawn.

"While he (Gilhaize) was thus ruminating in the street, he observed two strangers coming up the Canongate. One of them had the appearance of a servant, but he was of a staider and more thoughtful aspect than belongs to men of that degree, only he bore on his shoulder a willease, and had in his hand a small package wrapt in a woollen cover and buckled with a leathern strap. The other was the master; and my grandfather halted his horse to look at him as he passed, for he was evidently no common man nor mean personage, though in stature he was jimp the ordinary size. He was bent more with infirmities than the load of his years. His hair and and long flowing beard were very gray and venerable, like those of the ancient patriarchs who enjoyed immediate communion with God. But though his appearance was thus aged, and though his complexion and countenance betokened a frail tenement, yet the brightness of youth shone in his eyes, and they were lighted up by a spirit over which time had no power.

"In his steps and gait he was a little hasty and unsteady, and twice or thrice he was obliged to pause in the steep of the street to draw his breath; but even in this there was an affecting and great earnestness, a working of a living soul within, as if it panted to enter on the performance of some great and solemn hest.

"He seemed to be eager and zealous, like the apostle Peter, in his temper, and as dauntless as the mighty and courageous Paul. Many in the street stopped, and looked after him with reverence and marvelling, as he proceeded with quick and desultory steps, followed by his sedate attendant. Nor was it surprising, for he was, indeed, one of those who, in their lives, are vast and wonderful,—special creations that are sent down from heaven, with authority attested by the glowing impress of the signet of God on their hearts, to avenge the wrongs done to his truths and laws in the blasphemies of the earth.—It was John Knox!"

The following interview of the virtuous Elspa Ruet with Marion, her misguided sister, who had been allured from her husband and family by the seductions of the profligate Archbishop of St Andrews, will give a view of that peculiar power which the author possesses, in pathetic and domestic scenes.

"The door was opened, and Marion swirled in with an uncomely bravery. Elspa started from her seat. The guilty and convicted creature uttered a shriek; but in the same moment her pious sister clasped her with loving-kindness in her arms, and bursting into tears, wept bitterly, with sore sobs, for some time on her bosom, which was wantonly unkerchiefed.

"After a short space of time, with confusion of face, and frowns of mortification, and glances of rage, the abandoned Marion disengaged herself from her sister's fond and sorrowful embraces, and, retreating to a chair, sat down, and seemed to muster all the evil passions of the guilty breast,—fierce anger, sharp hatred, and gnawing contempt; and a bad boldness of look that betokened a worse spirit than them all.

"'It was na to see the like of you I cam' here,' said she, with a scornful toss of her head.'

"'I ken that, Marion,' replied Elspa, mournfully.

"'And what business then hae ye to come to snool me?'

"Elspa for a little while made no answer to this, but, drying her eyes, she went to her seat composedly, and then said:

"'Cause ye re my sister, and brought shame and disgrace on a your family.—O, Marion, I'm wae to say this!—but ye're owre brave in your sin.'

"'Do ye think I'll e'er gae back to that havering, daunering cuif o' a creature, the Crail bailie?'

"'He's a man o' mair worth and conduct, Marion,' replied her sister firmly, 'than to put that in your power—even, woman, if ye were penitent, and besought him for charity.'

"'Weel, weel, no to clishmaclaver about him, how's a' wi' the bairns?'

"'Are ye no frighted, Marion, to speer sic a question, when ye think how ye left them, and what for ye did sae?'

"'Am na I their mither, have na I a right to speer?'

"'No, said Elspa; 'when ye forgot that ye were their father's wife, they lost their mither.'

"'Ye need na be sae snell wi' your taunts,' exclaimed Marion, evidently endeavouring to preserve the arrogance she had assumed; 'ye need na be sae snell; I'm far better off, happier than e'er I was in James Kilspinnie's aught.'

"'That's no possible,' said her sister. "It would be an unco thing of Heaven to let wickedness be happier than honesty. But, Marion, dinna deceive yoursel', ye hae nae sure footing on the steading where ye stan'. The Bishop will nae mair, than your gudeman, thole your loose life to him. If he kent ye were here, I doubt he would let you bide, and what would become of you then?'

"'He's no sic a fool as to be angry that I am wi' my sister.'

"'That may be,' replied Elspa: 'I'm thinking, however, if in my place here he saw but that young man,' and she pointed to my grandfather, whom her sister had not till then observed, 'he would have some cause to consider.'

"Marion attempted to laugh scornfully, but her heart gurged within her, and, instead of laughter, her voice broke out into wild and horrid yells, and falling back in her chair, she grew stiff and gastly to behold, in so much, that both Elspa and my grandfather were terrified, and had to work with her for some time before they were able to recover her; nor, indeed, did she come rightly to herself till she got relief by tears; but they were tears of rage, and not shed for any remorse on account of her foul fault. Indeed, no sooner was she come to herself, than she began to rail at her sister and my grandfather, calling them by all the terms of scorn that her tongue could vent. At last she said.

"'But nae doubt ye're twa Reformers.'

"'Ay,' replied Elspa, 'in a sense we are sae, for we would fain help to reform you.'

"But after a long, faithful, and undaunted endeavour on the part of Elspa, in this manner, to reach the sore of her sinful conscience, she saw that all her ettling was of no avail, and her heart sank, and she began to weep, saying, 'O Marion, Marion, ye were my dear sister ance, but frae this night, if ye leave me, to gang again to your sins, I hope the Lord will erase the love I bear you utterly out of my heart, and leave me but the remembrance of what ye were when we were twa wee playing lassies, clapping our young hands, and singing for joy in the bonny spring mornings, that will never, never come again.'

"The guilty Marion was touched with her sorrow, and for a moment seemed to relent and melt, replying in a softened accent,

"'But tell me, Eppie, for ye hae na telt me yet, how did ye leave my weans?'

"'Would you like to see them?' said Elspa, eagerly.

"'I would na like to gang to Crail,' replied her sister, thoughtfully; 'but if'—, and she hesitated.

"'Surely, Marion,' exclaimed Elspa, with indignation, 'ye're no sae lost to all shame as to wish your innocent dochters to see you in the midst of your iniquities?'

"Marion reddened, and sat abashed and rebuked for a short time in silence, and then reverting to her children, she said, somewhat humbly,

"'But tell me how they are, poor things!'

"'They are as weel as can be hoped for,' replied Elspa, moved by her altered manner; 'but they'll lang miss the loss of their mother's care. O Marion, how could ye quit them! The beasts that perish are kinder to their young, for they nourish and protect them till they can do for themselves; but your wee May can neither yet gang nor speak.—She's your very picture, Marion,—as like you as—God forbid that she ever be like you!'

"The wretched mother was unable to resist the energy of her sister's appeal, and, bursting into tears, wept bitterly for some time.

"Elspa, compassionating her contrition, rose, and, taking her kindly by the hand, said, 'Come, Marion, we'll gang hame—let us leave this guilty city—let us tarry no longer within its walls—the curse of Heaven is darkening over it, and the storm of the hatred of its corruption is beginning to lighten:—let us flee from the wrath that is to come.'

"'I'll no gang back to Crail—I dare na gang there—every one would haud out their fingers at me—I canna gang to Crail—Eppie, dinna bid me—I'll mak away wi' mysel' before I'll gang to Crail.'

"'Dinna say that,' replied her sister: 'O, Marion, if ye felt within the humiliation of a true penitent, ye would na speak that way, but would come and hide your face in your poor mother's bosom; often, often, Marion, did she warn you no to be ta'en up wi' the pride and bravery of a fine outside.'

"'Ye may gang hame yoursel',' exclaimed the unpenitent woman, starting from her seat; 'I'll no gang wi' you to be looket down on by every one.'"

The catastrophe of this unfortunate woman was afterwards discovered, and is powerfully exhibited on an occasion when Elspa and a friend were walking the streets of Edinburgh.

"In going about while there, to show Agnes Kilspinnie the uncos of the town, it happened as they were coming down from the Castle-hill, in passing the Weigh-house, that she observed a beggar woman sitting on a stair, seemingly in great distress, for her hands were fervently clasped, and she was swinging her body backwards and forwards like a bark without a rudder on a billowy sea, when the winds of an angry heaven are let loose upon't.

"What made this forlorn wretch the more remarkable, was a seeming remnant of better days in something about herself, besides the silken rags of garments that had once been costly. For, as she from time to time lifted her delicate hands aloft in her despairing ectasy, the scrap of blanket, which was all her mantle, fell back, and showed such lily and lady-like arms, that it was impossible to look upon her without compassion, and not also to wonder from what high and palmy estate she had fallen into such abject poverty.

"My grandfather and his wife, with Agnes, stopped for a moment, and conferred together about what alms they would offer to a gentlewoman brought so low; when she, observing them, came wildly towards them, crying, 'For the Mother of God, to save a famishing outcast from death and perdition.'

"Her frantic gesture, far more than her papistical exclamation, made their souls shudder; and before they had time to reply, she fell on her knees, and taking Elspa by the hand, repeated the same vehement prayer, adding, 'Do, do, even though I be the vilest and guiltiest of womankind.'

"'Marion Ruet!—O, my sister!—O, my dear Marion!' as wildly and as wofully did my grandmother, in that instant, also cry aloud, falling on the beggar woman's neck, and sobbing as if her heart would have burst; for it was indeed the bailie's wife, and the mother of Agnes, that supplicated for a morsel."

We can only find room now for a short specimen of the author's powers of description, shown in painting the scene viewed by his hero on leaving Ayr at break of day.

"I felt on that occasion an unaccountable sense of kindliness and joy. The flame of life was as it were renewed, and brightened in the pure and breezy air of the morning, and a bounding gladness rose in my bosom as my eye expatiated around in the freedom of the spacious fields. On the left hand the living sea seemed as if the pulses of its moving waters were in unison with the throbbings of my spirit; and, like jocund maidens disporting themselves in the flowing tide, the gentle waves, lifting their heads, and spreading out their arms, and raising their white bosoms to the rising sun, came as it were happily to the smooth sands of the sparkling shore. The grace of enjoyment brightened and blithened all things. There was a cheerfulness in the songs of the little birds that enchanted the young heart of my blooming boy to break forth into singing, and his carol was gayer than the melody of the lark."

There are many other passages which we would gladly have extracted, particularly the battle of Killiecrankie, which forms nearly the closing scene; but we must now invite our readers to have recourse for themselves to the work itself.

The Philanthropist.

PRESERVATION FROM SHIPWRECK.

(Continued from former numbers.)

TO JOHN GLADSTONE, ESQ. M.P.

SIR,—Having observed, in the public prints, a statement of the loss of a great number of lives, about 140, by the wreck of the Alert packet, and that you had humanely stepped forward, in the House of Commons, and made a motion for the purpose of causing the owners of steam-packets to provide a sufficient number of boats to give aid in such emergencies, I

have presumed to take the liberty of addressing you, and to submit a plan for saving lives by means of applying *the principles* of my life-boat to any kind of boat in common use, having the advantages of *cheapness* and *general practical utility*, instead of the tedious and expensive plan of building life-boats on purpose, wherein only partial or limited benefits can be obtained.

The plan is so simple, that any person will immediately understand the principles upon barely stating an outline. It consists, in the first place, of converting any boat into a flexible boat, by covering the outside of it with canvass, sacking, leather, or hides, nailed on so as to secure or *bind the timbers together*, then surrounding the gunwhale with a rope, and also fastening the timbers in particular places, where requisite, by pieces of thick strong leather, or rope nailed on. The above being done, a bag or *collar* of *cork*, of sufficient dimensions, is to be lashed on firmly round the gunwhale; lastly, additional bags of cork are to be placed over the collar, at the ends (the bow and the stern) to give a *curved or elliptical form*, which will, besides adding buoyancy, cause the boat to right again in case she should upset. All the above canvass, sacking, leather, &c. to be rendered waterproof by varnishing, tarring, or pitching the same. The boat to be provided with a sufficient number of ropes, attached to one side only, because, in case of upsetting, the people being all on one side, the boat may right again instantly. Having taken the liberty of submitting the above plan to your notice, you will, I trust, Sir, see many advantages in having one or more of the ship's boats provided as above, which will be the means of saving many lives.

I beg to mention, that I have proposed my plan to the gentlemen of the committee belonging to the Glamorganshire packets at Bristol, and they have given orders to have the same carried into effect forthwith.

It will, I am persuaded, afford you much pleasure to give further extension and utility to your late suggestion. I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

WM. HENRY LASSALLE,

May 16, 1823. College Green, Bristol.

Scientific Records.

[Comprehending Notices of new Discoveries or Improvements in Science or Art; including, occasionally, singular Medical Cases; Astronomical, Mechanical, Philosophical, Botanical, Meteorological and Mineralogical Phenomena, or singular Facts in Natural History, Vegetation, &c.; Antiquities, &c.; to be continued in a series through the volume.]

THEORY OF THE PLANETARY WORLD.

NO. IV.

[WRITTEN FOR THE KALEIDOSCOPE.]

MARS

Is the fourth planet from the sun, from which he is distant about 145,000,000 miles. He is supposed to move at the rate of 55,000 miles in an hour, and completes his revolution round the sun in one year and 320 days. His diameter is about 4,444 miles, and he performs his rotation on his axis in about 24 hours and 40 minutes. The place of his ascending node is Aries 17° 17′, and that of his descending node Virgo 17° 17′. To an inhabitant in Mars, the sun would appear about one-third less than it does to us. Its apparent diameter, viewed at a mean distance from the earth, is 30 seconds. The analogy between the earth and Mars is, perhaps, the greatest in all the solar system. The obliquity of their respective ecliptics is nearly the same, as well as their diurnal motions. Mars is not so bright as Venus, nor even as Jupiter, though he is nearer the sun than the latter, and sometimes nearly equal in size to the former. Its colour is of a dusty red, whence he is denominated Mars, or the god of war; and from his possessing this dull appearance, astronomers have conjectured that he is surrounded with a thick cloudy atmosphere. Spots have been observed on his surface; and, when nearest to us, he is generally gibbous. Its atmosphere is moderate, and its inhabitants (granting it to have inhabitants) must enjoy a situation something similar to that of ours. Its poles, like our earth, are rather flat, and appear brighter than the other parts of its surface, occasioned, as is supposed, by the ice and snow in its polar regions. These appear to be largest when returning out of their nearly twelve months' winter, and least when returning into it, being exposed nearly twelve months to the sun's heat. Mars, when in opposition to the sun, is five times nearer to us than when in conjunction. This is the reason which causes him to appear much larger at some periods than at others. An inhabitant in Mars will never see Mercury, but when he transits the sun. Venus will appear to be at the same distance from the sun, as Mercury appears to us; consequently, the earth will appear to be about the same magnitude as Venus to us, about 48 degrees from the sun, and will alternately be a morning and an evening star to the inhabitants of Mars.

NEW STATES OF SOUTH AMERICA.

[*From Carey and Lea's Geography of the Western Hemisphere.*]

COLOMBIA.—The republic of Colombia is of very recent origin, although the history of the two states by the union of which it has been formed, is coeval with the era of Columbus. Previously to the year 1811, these states were known by the name of the viceroyalty of Grenada, and the captain generalship of Caraccas. On the 17th of December, 1819, an union between the republics of Grenada and Venezuela was solemnly decreed, in conformity with the report of a select committee of deputies from each State. This confederation received the title of the Republic of Colombia.

In conformity with the fundamental law, the installation of the general Congress took place on the 6th of May, 1821, in the city of Rosario of Cucuta. The first measure considered by this body was, the Constitution, and it was finally determined that the two states should form one nation, under a popular representative Government, divided into legislative, executive, and judicial. Bolivar, the President, was in the mean time actively engaged in bringing the war to a close. On the 24th of June, 1821, was fought the memorable battle of Carabobo, in which the Royalist army was totally defeated, with the loss of their artillery, baggage, and upwards of six thousand men. At the beginning of 1822, only Puerto Cabello, in Venezuela, and the Isthmus of Panama, in New Grenada, remained in possession of the Spaniards. Colombia is situated between 5° 50′ S. and 12° 30′ N. lat. and 58° and 82° W. lon.—Its mean length is estimated at 1500 miles, and its breadth 900; the area being about 1,350,000 square miles. The soil of this country is fertile in all the richest productions of the temperate and torrid zones. The low lands produce, in abundance, sugar cane, coffee, cocoa, cotton, tobacco, beautiful timber for ship-building, valuable dye-woods, and medicinal plants of various kinds. The climate varies according to the elevation. On the coasts, and in the low country, it is excessively hot and unhealthy. The elevated plains between the double ridge of the Andes, although directly under the equator, in the centre of the torrid zone, enjoy a temperate and steady climate. The temperature in the city of Leon de Caraccas also, which is elevated nearly 8000 feet above the sea, is delightful throughout the year.

Santa Fé de Bogota, the seat of Government for the republic, is on the small river Bogota, a tributary of the Magdalena. It is handsomely built on a spacious fertile plain, elevated more that 8000 feet above the level of the sea, and contains about 30,000 inhabitants.

BRAZIL is situated between 4° N. and 34° S. lat. and 35° and 72° W. lon. Its mean length from north to south is about 1800 miles, and its mean breadth 1700, the area being 3,060,000 square miles.

Nearly the whole of Brazil is covered by a vast forest, scarcely 20,000 square miles being as yet brought under cultivation. The most precious productions are diamonds and gold, which are abundant, especially in the capitania of Minas Geraes. They are chiefly found in the beds of the mountain torrents, or in deep valleys, in a stratum of rounded pebbles or gravel, from which they are separated by washing. What is termed the Diamond District extends about 50 miles from north to south, and 25 from east to west.

The population of Brazil is estimated at 2,400,000. In 1792, it consisted, according to Hassel, of 2,184,273, of which number one-sixth were whites of Portuguese origin, one-half negroes and mulattoes, and the remainder independent Indians.

UNITED PROVINCES.—This extensive portion of South America was formerly known by the name of La Plata, or Buenos Ayres; but, since the revolution, the name has been changed to the United Provinces of South America. They are situated between 18° and 40° 45′ S. lat. and 51° 10′ and 69° 55′ W. long. The mean length, from north to south, about 1500 miles, and mean breadth about 800, the area being about 1,440,000 square miles.

The chain of the Andes runs from north to south along the whole western boundary. The territory east of the rivers Paraguay and Parana, is a fine, waving, well-watered country; the intermediate district consists of extensive plains. In the north these plains are in many parts liable to be overflowed: in the south they are called pampas, and are remarkably dry and destitute of trees. One of these pampas is 1500 miles long, and from the ocean to its western limits 500 broad. Over all this immense space there are no hills, no trees, not a single object to relieve or vary the scene. The eye passes over it as over the ocean in a calm.

This country is very rich in mineral productions. A short time there were 73 mines in actual operation, viz. 30 of gold, 27 of silver, 2 of tin, 7 of copper, and 7 of lead. The richest of these are the celebrated silver mines of Potosi, which were discovered in 1545, and from that time to 1803 yielded £237,358,334 sterling, or nearly a million annually.

Potosi presents a striking instance of the power of overruling circumstances in fixing the situation of cities. It stands on a narrow plain, amidst the eternal snows of the Andes, on the side of the insulated mountain that contains the metal which gives it all its importance. The climate is cold, and the environs barren; the vallies are destitute of wood, and the sides of the hills are clothed with moss, while the only covering spread over their surface is one of perennial snow. A few solitary vicunas are alone seen grazing in this desolate region, which would never have become the abode of man, but for the accidental discovery of the silver contained in the mountains, by an Indian hunter, as he pursued the wild goats that bounded over its surface.

The export and import trade of the United Provinces is principally in the hands of the British. The value of the exports is estimated at 10,000,000 dollars per annum, and that of the imports is about the same.

EARTHQUAKE AT VALPARAISO.

[*Further particulars.*]

"*Valparaiso Bay, Nov.* 25, 1822.—If you send any merchandise to this place, the Government here will not allow it to be imported; in fact, the recent regulations made by this country are, in effect, a total prohibition to furniture, ready-made clothes, and several other things. They wish, by their regulations, to encourage their own people: but I doubt much whether it will have the desired effect, for the natives are very ignorant and lazy, and every way far behind any other nation. Commerce is very dull indeed here, and the market overstocked with every thing; all my goods are not even landed yet—so far it is well they were not; for, on the 19th of this month, at forty minutes past ten at night, we had a very violent earthquake, which came on so suddenly, that the family, with whom I was sitting, could scarcely get to the door, when the house, and walls of two feet thick, began to fall. In one moment, the place we were sitting in, chairs and tables, were covered by heavy masses of ruins, that would have crushed twice our numbers; we then got into the front yard, where the ground was rolling like a sea, and the premises falling in all directions, with such dust, that, although we were all close together, we could scarcely see each other; the dust almost choaking us. A large church, the next door to us, with steeple and dome, fell to the ground also, but fortunately it fell to the front, and not aside; three persons of the house were much hurt by the walls falling, and one of them, a woman, was dragged from under the ruins. We then flew to the mountains, and passed a very anxious night, waiting for day-light; at length it came, and showed us a large town with forts, including three churches, all in ruins, with very few exceptions. Nearly 500 lives were lost. It was most horrible at the time of the greatest violence to hear the din of falling houses and walls, the rumbling underneath your feet, and also the cracking of the earth; indeed, so great was the noise, that I did not distinguish the falling of the church from any thing else, although the next door,—the cries of the inhabitants, all, or as many as could get into the streets, running and praying aloud, some half-dressed, and some as they had gone to bed, quite in their night-clothes.—Several other towns, not far from this, are also injured or destroyed. I consider myself very fortunate, having only escaped by the merest chance, and am, thank God, in the best health, neither injured in person nor property, while hundreds have lost much, and as many more their all. One village was completely buried by a neighbouring mountain rolling over it. The earth has shook almost every hour up to this moment, but not like the violent manner it did the first night; yet several severe shocks were felt to-day, and I dare say it will continue some days before it entirely subsides. All the inhabitants are living in the mountains, and the English are all embarked, so that while the shocks continue, the town, or heap of ruins as it now is, is quite deserted, and will remain so for a few weeks."—*Hampshire Telegraph.*

The Bouquet.

"I have here only made a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the thread that ties them."
MONTAIGNE.

LORD BYRON AND MR. MOORE.

In the *Edinburgh Review*, just published, the following lively comparison between Moore and Lord Byron occurs in a critique on the "Loves of the Angels," and "Heaven and Earth."

"We conceive, though these two celebrated writers in some measure divide the poetical public between them, that it is not the same public whose favour they severally enjoy in the highest degree. They are both read and admired, no doubt, in the same extended circle of taste and fashion; but each is the favourite of a totally different set of readers. Thus a lover may pay the same outward attention to different women; but he only means to flirt with the one, while the other is the mistress of his heart. The gay, the fair, the witty, the happy, idolize Mr. Moore's delightful muse, on her pedestal of airy smiles or transient tears. Lord Byron's fiercer verse is enshrined in the breasts of those whose gaiety has been turned to gall, whose fair exterior has a canker within, whose mirth has received a rebuke as if it were a folly, from whom happiness has fled like a dream! If we compute the odds upon the known chances of human life, his Lordship will bid fair to have as numerous a class of votaries as his more agreeable rival! We are not going to give a preference, but we beg leave to make a distinction on the present occasion. The poetry of Moore is essentially that of *Fancy*, the poetry of Byron that of *Passion*. If there is passion in the effusions of the one, the fancy by which it is expressed predominates over it: if fancy is called to the aid of the other, it is still subservient to the passion. Lord Byron's jests are downright earnest: Mr. Moore, when he is most serious, seems half in jest. The latter plays and trifles with his subject, caresses and grows enamoured of it; the former grasps it eagerly to his bosom, breathes death upon it, and turns from it with loathing or dismay! The fine aroma, that is exhaled from the flowers of poesy, every where lends its perfume to the verse of the Bard of Erin. The Noble Bard (less fortunate in his muse) tries to extract poison from them. If Lord Byron flings his own views or feelings upon outward objects (jaundicing the sun) Mr. Moore seems to exist in the delights, the virgin fancies of nature. He is free of the Rosicrucian society; and enjoys an ethereal existence among troops of sylphs and spirits, and in a perpetual vision of wings, flowers, rainbows, smiles, blushes, tears, and kisses. Every page of his work is a vignette; every line that he writes glows or sparkles; and it would seem (as some one said, who knew him well and loved him much) 'as if his airy spirit, drawn from the sun, continually fluttered with fond aspirations to regain that native source of light and heat.' The worst is, our author's mind is too vivid, too active, to suffer a moment's repose. We are cloyed with sweetness, and dazzled with splendour. Every image must 'blush celestial rosy red, love's proper hue,'—every syllable must breathe a sigh. A sentiment is lost in a simile; the simile is overloaded with an epithet. It is 'like morn risen on mid-noon.' No eventful story, no powerful contrast, no *moral*, none of the sordid details of human life (all is ethereal) none of its sharp calamities, or if they inevitably occur, his muse throws a soft, glittering veil over them,

'Like moonlight on a troubled sea,
Brightening the storm it cannot calm.'

"We do not believe Mr. Moore ever writes a line, that in itself would not pass for poetry, that is not at least a vivid or harmonious commonplace. Lord Byron writes whole pages of sullen, crabbed prose, like a dreary round, that, however, leads to doleful shades or palaces of the blest. In short, Mr. Moore's Parnassus is a blooming Eden; Lord Byron's is a rugged wilderness of shame and sorrow. On the tree of knowledge of the first, you can see nothing but perpetual flowers and verdure; in the last you see the naked stem and rough bark, but it heaves at intervals with inarticulate throes, and you hear the shrieks of human voice within."

NORTH-WEST PASSAGE EXPEDITION.

[*From the Frankfort Journal of the 4th inst.*]

Hamburgh, April 28.—We hasten to publish the following declaration:—"In English and French journals, which have been copied by the German, and, among others, by the Hamburgh papers, it has been stated that I had sent word, both to Paris and London, of the arrival of Captain Parry on the coast of Kamschatka. I therefore consider it to be my duty to declare, that I have never written a line on the supposed arrival of Captain Parry to any person whatsoever. "KRUSENSTERN,

"Captain, Commodore in the Imperial Navy.

"*St. Petersburgh, March* 26, 1823."

Hasted tells us that a gentleman of the name of Northwood entertained King Henry V. on his triumphant return from France, at the Red Lion Inn, at Sittingbourne; and though the entertainment was plentiful, and befitting the royalty of his guest, yet such was the difference of the times, that the whole expense amounted only to 9s. 9d. wine being then sold at two-pence a pint, and other articles in proportion.

Gout. Extract from the Monthly Gazette of Health, for the present month: "A gouty gentleman, who has resided in the south of France for some years, informs us, that he has remained free from gout for four years, in consequence of wearing oil silk stockings over fine worsted ones day and night. Previous to their use, he had been subject to a paroxysm every six months. This practice, he says, is common in the south of France, and throughout Italy."

Correspondence.

[SEE A NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.]

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—As your entertaining publication frequently tends to decide grammatical disputes, I and my opponents have determined to abide by your decision. I am of opinion, that the words *cheese*, *couple*, and *pair*, admit of a final *s* in the formation of the plural; that we can say *cheeses*, *couples*, *pairs*, &c. with perfect grammatical propriety; and that it is custom alone which authorizes the frequent mention of such phrases as the following:—"They received a load of cheese—six couple of ducks—five pair of gloves;" with many others of the same nature.

Perhaps a few observations in your *next*, from some more learned correspondent, will serve as a guide to me, and also decide a cause upon which a *pair of gloves* are pending.—In the mean time, hoping that you will not overlook a fair reader, who waits impending judgment, I remain your constant reader, and sincere well-wisher,

WINIFRED.

[SEE A NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.]

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—When you gave us that most interesting account of Perkins's Steam Engine, in a late paper, you promised an explanation of that most curious phenomenon which arises from the explosion of the copper bulb, from whence the steam issues only warm, when we would expect it would be most insufferably scorching. May I venture the following hypothesis on its cause. Air, or gunpowder are most powerful when there is the largest quantities in the most confined space. Steam on the contrary, is the most powerful, where there is a *small* quantity confined. Perkins seems to have adopted the notion. Now is it not probable that when the copper safety-bulb bursts the atmossphere, it immediately penetrates through the extreme rarity of the steam and instantly cools it. I remain, Sir, yours truly,

H.

To Correspondents.

LOVE IN THE GALLEYS.—This interesting and well-translated story, which we give in this day's *Kaleidoscope*, is from the pen of a correspondent whose further communications we shall be most happy to receive. In our next we shall introduce another piece translated by the same person, and entitled "The Ambitious Man."—Our valued correspondent will not, we hope, be offended, if we remark, *en passant*, that a little more attention to punctuation would render his translations more perfect, and save us considerable trouble in revision.

TEMPERATURE OF STEAM.—We shall be glad to hear any further explanation *H.* may have to offer, of the anomalous but well-known phenomenon of which he speaks. It is certainly a result quite at variance with all reasoning *a priori*.

HORNED WOMEN.—The letter of *H. O. R.* on this subject is reserved for our next.

A COLLECTOR OF SCRAPS is entitled to our thanks. In any future series he may, however, spare himself the trouble of transcribing such pieces as the letter from the shoemaker's wife. The *double entendre* is always objectionable when it is calculated to wound the most scrupulous delicacy, and wit is no excuse for its misapplication.

We have further to notice, *J. W. T.—A Pedestrian—X.—Constant Reader—J, L.—Daniel Rump—Mancuniensis—Aluibenis—Glasguensis.*

SINGULAR PLURALS.—If the query of *Winifred* were left to our decision, she would be as certain of the gloves as if they now enveloped her fair hands. The singular plurals (as we may term them) which she has cited, are in our opinion decidedly wrong. We might as well say that we were only thirty *year* old; which would be as incorrect, as it would be false.

THE LATE MR. GREEN, THE ARTIST.—Our testy correspondent *Amateur* is informed, that the flattering notice (as he deems it) of the late Mr. Green, did not originate with us. We know nothing of that gentleman's merits; and the article was copied from a provincial print. If editors were responsible for the fidelity of every narrative which passes through their papers, woe be to them! All that can fairly be expected at their hands is, that they shall neither originate nor *wilfully* give currency to misrepresentation; and this is a duty of which our editorial conscience tells us we have *never* lost sight.

PROJECTORS.—We do not know whether J. ab D. expects an answer through the columns of the *Kaleidoscope*, or through some other medium. We, however, take this occasion to observe that if we were to enter into correspondence or explanations with all the enthusiasts or projectors who consult us upon their various whims, we should have little leisure for other pursuits. If our present correspondent can prove to us that his scheme, which is at present unintelligible to us, is one of practical utility, we will forward his views, without asking to partake of his fame or his emoluments. We do not wish to get possession of his secrets; on the contrary, we have a great objection to being the depository of the private concerns of any person. Secrets are a burthen, except to those who resemble the man that, in excuse for revealing one, pleaded, that finding he could not keep his friend's secret, he had told it to another person, who said he could keep it.

B.'s "Wish to please," shall appear in our next.

LES ADIEUX DU GENERAL BERTRAND.—If our young friend *W. A.* of Manchester, will compare his translation with the original, he will discover that he has overlooked half a stanza. When it is supplied the piece shall appear.

H. S. B. shall be attended to.—Just come to hand, *R. D.—J. M.*

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